

The Historie of

*Hot.* That Roan shal be my throne. Well, I wil back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

*Lady.* But heare you my Lord,

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith I know your busines *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you

*Hot.* So far a foot, I shal be weary, loue.

*La.* Com, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away, you trifier, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world.

To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,

We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes,

And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.

What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?

Wel, doe not then? for since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me?

Nay, tell me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,

I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me?

Whither I go: nor reason were about.

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This euening must I leaue you gentle *Kate*.

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecie,

No Lady closer, for I will beleue,

Thou wilt not vtter what thou doest not know.

And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, so far?

Henry the Fourth.

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*.  
Whither I go, thither shall you goe too:

To day will I set forward, to morrow you:  
Will this content you *Kate*?

*La.* It must of force.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat room  
me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poynes.* Where hast beene *Hall*?

*Prin.* With three or foure Logger-heads, amon  
foure-score Hogs-heads. I haue founded the ven  
of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a lea  
and can call them all by their Christian names,  
and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their sal  
though I be Prince of Wales, yet I am the king  
tell me flatly, I am not proud Iacke like *Falstaffe*;  
thian, a lad of mettall, a good Boy (by the Lord so  
and when I am king of England, I shall commande  
lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dyin  
when you breath in your warring, they cry hem  
play it off. To conclude, I am so good a prof  
quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any  
owne language during my life. I will tell thee A  
lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in  
but sweet *Ned*; to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I  
penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my  
vnder skinker, one that neuer spake other Eng  
then 8. shillings & 6. pence, & You are welcome,  
addition, *Anon*, anon sir, skore a pint of *Bastard* in th  
or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe*  
thee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I  
puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Suga  
leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be  
*Anon*: step aside, and Ile shew thee a present.

*Poynes.* *Francis*.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poynes.* *Francis*.

*Prin.* *Anon*, anon sir; looke down into the Poin